

# BLADE

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DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.  
THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION—TOM PAINE.  
AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN—INGERSOLL.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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\$1.00 A YEAR

## DR. NELSON

Addresses a Letter to the  
Readers of the  
Blade.

MY LIBERAL FRIENDS:

I want to talk to you about the financial aspect of this paper—state what I know, what I myself will do, and what I think you ought to do.

First, this paper costs about \$50 per issue; this includes cost of paper, printing and mailing. From \$500 to \$5,000 papers are put out each week. Now multiply \$50 by fifty-two, the number of weeks in a year, and you have \$2,600. To this add the rent, \$10 per month, and you have \$280. Then there are repairs and other little extras running the expenses up to \$2,880.

Now, I have 5,000 subscribers—one half of whom are fifty-cent subscribers. From five to six hundred of the others are always behind with their subscriptions, or do not pay at all. Now, some of you will be able to calculate the amount of money Hughes has to live on. Mr. Hughes has a wife and baby to support. His rent costs him \$10 per month, and this has to be paid whether he caters or not, and he doesn't always eat. He has to have some clothes to cover his anatomy and his wife and baby ought to be decently adorned. Now you can know that they live humbly, and for years have made one continual sacrifice, and in a sense, they deserve more credit than any other family in Lexington. It is a damn shame that Hughes has to live on beans in order to be able to get the Blade out. You won't let him do it any longer, WILL YOU?

Now, very naturally, the question will be asked me: "Why don't you chip in?" I will answer it by saying that regarding time as money, I contribute hundreds of dollars yearly to the Blade. When I first began advertising in the Blade, I counted this \$1,000 as 500 subscribers. I am satisfied that other writers have been attracted to it because Mrs. Henry and myself have done much to build it up to its present magnificent circulation.

On account of my open stand my practice has greatly suffered and fell off \$1,000 last year. I count this \$1,000 as cash contribution to the Free Thought cause, and I tell you that means a lot to a poor man. It means zeal, enthusiasm, a world of unselfishness and personal sacrifice. I have two families on my blade, besides my own, which, more or less, depend upon me.

I count time, paper, postage and my writings as nothing; all of these contributions are just so much love.

I don't like to parade what I do, and this is the first time I have done so, and I do not know, only because I cannot consistently appeal to others for help without showing my own hand.

I have been saving some money with which I want to take a Post Graduate Course this year if possible. I want to go East. I want to see old ocean, and place my hand upon his hoary mane.

I propose to extract \$25 out of that little pile, with which to head a subscription for that lino-type. Now, how much will you give. Have you a grand old Free Thought? Have you any Free Thought sand in your craw? If you have you will cough up. You will give something. How many of you will cough up \$25?

It is no use to buy a lino-type and mortgage the whole outfit with more than Hughes can ever pay. If every subscriber will give fifty cents, just a little measly insignificant fifty cent piece, the Blade will be put on a firm financial basis. If the great majority would give just twenty-five cents, this alone, with those who donate larger sums will pay for the lino-type.

There are a few who are out of employment, and who are, and others aged and impoverished, and to these a fifty cent piece is as big as a cart wheel, and these are not expected to give, and I don't ask them to. But these their loving hearts, they are just the kind who are most willing and who do give if they possibly can. We haven't so many rich among us, and a few of them only are open-handed, and these, among whom are the Fosters, Mr. Glenn of Cincinnati, and others, are exacted their uttermost. Their generosity extends upon every hand, and they nobly do their share, but they cannot be expected to do it all. There is a lot of money in Lexington.

You middlemen, you who are employed, who own your property; who are really able to contribute all the way from one to twenty-five dollars, open your hearts to the cause, and let us lift this paper out of the hole and preserve it. I believe you will see it go down? I don't believe you will. I can't afford to give a dollar, but I am going to give \$25. Will you give \$25? Will you give

\$1? Will you give fifty or twenty-five cents? Now let every one give something. Give according to your circumstances. A long pull and a pull altogether will save the paper, and every little pull helps to get the cart out of the mire.

You all know that a paper that is without the latest improved machines is at a great disadvantage. As it is, Hughes hires his type-setting done on the machines of a daily paper. With a lino-type, he can do this work himself, and save all that expense, which goes up all the profits. Some of you don't know what a lino-type is. I will tell you. It is the next thing to a typewriter; it is the most wonderful of all pieces of machinery; doing the work of five or six men in type-setting. You push a big chunk of composition lead in a furnace and it is melted and comes out a newspaper, the machine being operated like a typewriter. One man can sit down at the clickety click and run off the Blue Grass Blade in two days' time, and there's where the saving will come in, the whole expense of type-setting will be turned to profit, and never again will there be any necessity for the Blade to squeal for help.

Some of you don't like Mr. Moore on account of his stand on liquor and Socialism. To these, I will say that you ought to be Liberals enough to try and put up with Mr. Moore for the sake of saving the Blade. The paper is needed, and peculiar, impracticable and dirty as it sometimes is, it fills its own peculiar niche to the satisfaction of a vast number.

It might be run to a better effect than it is, but I believe that it is converting more than any other Liberal journal. It is read more because it is more economical.

Now let us chip in and buy a lino-type out and out. If we can't do this, let us pay as much on it as possible. Don't be ashamed to subscribe small amounts. If enough donated small sums, this is needed, but give as you can.

J. R. B.

ABOUT A BAPTIST SKY-BUSTER.

I have received from T. B. Swark, Stella, Oklahoma, a letter in which occurs the following:

"Not long since I was conversing with a friend who is a member of the Baptist Church, and asked him if he had ever seen a copy of the Blue Grass Blade. He said he had not and I showed him a copy. He read some comments by you, and gave me a letter from one of the most noted preachers—sky busters. I believe you call them—in Oklahoma and asked me to send it to you for comment. He detects the deceptive nature of the letter."

The enclosed letter is a circular printed in the style of a type writer, and is signed "Your Brother in Christ, D. B. Ray"—possibly kin to "purest ray serene." It is printed on the stationery of "The National Baptist Flag, D. B. Ray, D. D. Editor." It is a sort of coincidence that his initials stand for "damned bad"—something like his brother Rucker here in Kentucky, but when Ray sent his letter to this fellow, he didn't seem to see into the true inwardness of things like the X-Ray does.

In Ray's letter occurs the following: "You know that the National Baptist Flag is for the defence of the Church of Christ in contrast with Romanism, Mormonism, Campbellism, Seventh-Day Adventism and other heresies."

Of course every Baptist in the world hates every Campbellite in the world and every Campbellite returns the compliment and every sect hates every other one.

Out in Oklahoma where my old pals are not much in evidence a fellow like Ray can give vent to the hate in his heart in talking about the Campbellites, but if Ray lived in Lexington where the Campbellites are thick and as good as lords of money, Ray would speak of them as "the Christian Church," just as everybody and every newspaper in Lexington does.

I remember when it was common to call them "Campbellites"; then, as they began to get more numerous and richer they called them "Disciples," and when they got to be thick and big rich they called them "Christians."

Somebody must send McGarvey a marked copy of this. I would love to hear him cuss when he reads it.

Henry and the "Broncho Buster."

An extract from some unknown newspaper of date, March 22, 62, alludes to Henry Watterson as having lately immortalized himself by calling Roosevelt a "broncho buster." There was only one man that until it is old, and probably somebody had done so before I began.

## GOV. BECKHAM

IN FAVOR OF DOCKING HORSES.

One of the most brutal of practices that is perpetrated by horsemen who are without taste and culture and who are devoid of sympathy for animals, is the cruel disfiguring of horses by cutting their tails off so that a disgusting lump sticks up over the horse's back and makes it indecent to ride behind a horse so mutilated.

Any man who would commit such a outrage ought to be sent to the penitentiary and it is the practice of such ignorant, brutal cruelty by rich snobs here who want to ape the English, that has given Kentucky the worst reputation of any state in the Union.

There was an effort made by some of the more humane of our society to pass a law against this docking of horses and the bill was passed and Beckham vetoed it.

He writes an alleged argument to justify his course which is morally and intellectually so disgusting that I will not print it at all.

It simply says in substance that every body else is doing wrong and making money by it and we are fools if we don't do the same.

Intellectually it is a piece of boyish trash, while morally, it is enough to make any man or woman of refined intellects heart sick.

A sample of Beckham's driving ideology is as follows:

"But this would not accomplish to any appreciable extent the object for which it is intended. It is to the credit of the people of Kentucky that they have never been addicted to the practice of docking horses, and that, therefore, they are not so far gone as those who sell them."

No wonder, then, that the Kentucky horsemen in the State to meet the demand of the Eastern trade, which is long as it insists upon having horses with docked tails will be able to get them whether the docking is done in Kentucky or somewhere else.

"Legislation, therefore, in order to stop the practice, should be directed at those who demand such horses, and not at those who sell them."

I have read a great many very small things that came from very big people, but the last clause in that extract is the weakest thing I ever read from any body in any prominent official position.

Beckham's idea is to give chronos to Kentucky bioped brutes who cut off horses' tails and then have the Vanderbilts and Pierpont Morgan and that gang all sent to the penitentiary for buying them.

About ten years ago the Lexington newspapers announced that there would be a meeting of the citizens of Lexington in the Court House to protest against the publication of the Blue Grass Blade in Lexington. I attended the meeting.

There were four men who took the lead in the meeting. They were Rev. Dr. W. F. Bartlett, the most eloquent and most popular preacher (Presbyterian) in town and having the richest and most fashionable congregation; then there was Judge J. D. Hunt, who was chairman of the meeting. He was a learned judge of the Circuit Court and was president of the Northern Bank of Kentucky, the reputation of which was the greatest and finest of any bank in the West.

Then there was J. W. Sayre, the heir apparent to the old reliable banking house of Sayre & Co.

While I was talking to the meeting Sayre called me a liar and started at me as if to strike me. Then there was J. Hunt Davidson. He came from a good family, was very handsome, very tall, the most popular man in Lexington, was the Mayor of the city, and the proprietor of the finest hotel and the finest liquor saloon in the city. In the whole house there was only one man who was a friend to me. He was a poor working man named D. H. Beatty. He did not say a word during the meeting, but when they had all finished abusing me and there was a kind of a

hall in the proceedings, Beatty got up and came to me and handed me \$10.

Today these are the facts that have existed for several years. Bartlett was in the pulpit of his fine church in the midst of a prayer when he was stricken with paralysis and fell across the pulpit. He was carried to his home and has never since appeared on the streets of Lexington.

Hunt is not now a judge and the once famous Northern Bank has had to quit business.

Sayre's bank had heavy losses and had to quit business.

Davidson was sued by the city of Lexington for \$10,000 and his career, for years, seems to have been but a series of misfortunes.

The last time I saw Beatty he was still poor, but he was still bubbling over with happiness because his two sons were getting good salaries as scientists.

All four of the men who were my enemies were Christians. Reverse the conditions so as to make them all infidels and make me the Christian and it will make a good Sunday school story.

A NEW AGNOSTIC JOURNAL.

I have received, with great pleasure, a beautiful prospectus which reads as follows:

Chicago, Ill., March 25, 1902.

FRIEND OF PROGRESS:

We wish to do all in our power for our great cause of Free Thought, Truth and Right "while it is yet day," and acting on the advice of friends, we have determined to publish in this city, a weekly paper to be known as The Agnostic.

In order to secure second-class rates of postage we must have a bona fide list of subscribers to begin with.

You will see the friends of our cause in every locality, and ask them to send us their names.

You will become one of the first and best of our friends. It will materially help our cause. To begin with, the paper will be a four column, eight page quarto, and the price will be \$1 per year. We will have an able corps of the best writers in the world.

The publishing of this Free Thought Weekly is a big undertaking, but we believe it will become a great factor in the mental emancipation of the world.

Yours for progress, J. E. HOSMER.

N. B.—The Agnostic is to be a Weekly Paper at \$1 per year.

"DISCONTENT" BEATS COMSTOCK

In the Government prosecution of Discontent under the Comstock law, charged with issuing "obscene literature," Judge Hanford gave the jury peremptory instructions to find for the defendant, before the testimony was half in, stating that, during the noon recess, he had read the article complained of and that there was nothing obscene in it. This is another triumph for Comstock, who, I think, is a very bad man, and whom, I think, the Government is getting to understand, after so long a time.

I am opposed to free love, obscene literature and anarchy—meaning by the name of anarchy the sentiment of which Czolgosz was the exponent.

I hope "Discontent" will never be amenable to the charge of encouraging any one of that unwholesome trinity.

Discontent reprints from the Blade many of our "Free Society" and "Discontent" under its own heading, "The Olive Branch."

I have carefully read several of the last issues of each of those papers, and find nothing objectionable in them, and I do hope they will keep out of their papers anything that at all encourages free love and that they will change the name of their anarchy philosophy to something more in consonance with it than the word "anarchy," now justly one of the most despicable words in the English language.

THE PARSON HUGGED HER.

(Special to the Record-Herald.)

Brail, Ind., March 22.—The city school board has demanded the resignation of Rev. E. M. Munce, principal at the Meridian street school building. He is charged with hugging and attempting to kiss Miss Ethel Muncie, 15-year-old daughter of Benjamin Muncie, one of the leading contractors of the city.

Comment: They are having hugging bees now to raise money for churches, and it looks tough to bounce a parson because he does a little hugging that is not on the regular program.

\$30.00

St. Louis to Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Cal., and intermediate points during March and April, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway (Katy Route), will sell tickets at above rate. Personally conducted excursion cars leave St. Louis every Tuesday at 8:22 p. m. via Denison, Dallas, Waco, San Antonio and El Paso, Texas. For fares and rates apply to the agent, H. F. Bowser, D. P. A., 435 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O.

## DR. LOUIS BANKS

Speaks Upon Personalities of Roosevelt and German Emperor.

Both Soldiers Statesmen, God-Fearing Men.

NEW YORK, March 23.—Dr. Louis Albert Banks spoke by way of prelude before the Sunday evening sermon in Grace M. E. Church, on the comparison of the personalities of President Roosevelt and the German Emperor. He spoke in part as follows:

"Both the Emperor and the President are religious in their spirit, in a way such as a prophet in our own country—each so interested in religious and moral teaching that he has at one time or another delivered sermons and religious addresses. Neither ever loses an opportunity of testifying his faith in God and love for the Bible. Both the President and the Emperor are soldiers by temperament. They love peace, but are wild with delight at fight, and they have pluck and courage to die for whatever they struggle for without blinking, and yet though they are soldiers, they are statesmen. As for Roosevelt, he is a great hunter, a good scholar, writes interesting books, has won fame as a civil service reformer, shut up the New York saloons on Sunday."

Emperor William of Germany is the most religious of all living rulers. He made a holy pilgrimage to Palestine in order to drink in the spirit of the Christian religion at the fountain head and then came home and, in an absolutely offensive war, gave the most brutal order for the murder of innocent men, women and children that are known to history."

No American Indian would half such a savage as Emperor William. The man who is to begin with, religion and books, is that he called Paine a "filthy little atheist," allude indirectly of his religious hate and his ignorance."

What kind of a lover of peace is it, who is "wild with delight at fight?" How many times have William and Roosevelt died for what they struggled for? How much blood has either of them ever shed on any battlefield? How much, when and where?

Shut up the saloons on Sunday. What about the other six days of the week? Is it any wonder to get drunk on Sunday then on Monday? Or is it the only objection to the saloon that it keeps people away from church on Sunday?

ZACHARY.

James W. Zachary, of Lexington, will be remembered by many Blade readers as the Campbellite preacher and editor of a little religious paper who has so distinguished himself by his hostility to me, that it is of interest to the Blade's friends to keep track of the man.

His paper a few months since, was refused admission to the Lexington post-office on the ground that it was an advertisement of his business. I do not know whether it was subsequently admitted; I have not seen it, or heard of it since, and it used to come to me on my exchange list.

Since then Zachary has been president of the International Investment Company, at Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Associated with him in this enterprise were two sons of Cornelius, the man who spent a term of three years in jail for an assault upon Judge Reid of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, in consequence of which Judge Reid suicided.

Reid and Cornelius were at the time elders in the same Campbellite church in Mt. Sterling.

The International Investment Company hosted and Zachary went to the State of Washington and is there at this writing.

Judge Parker, a few days since, in instructing the grand jury about these investment companies, of the character of Zachary's said they were gambling institutions no better than the banks and that any man of common sense ought to know that he could not get three dollars out of such an institution for every one dollar put in.

Zachary is the man who said, while I was in the post office held up, as soon as I got out he would have me put back again.

Who knows but that some day Zachary may be wearing the stripes in a penitentiary and not have so good a time of it as I did?

### TERMS OF THE BLADE.

1 issue for one year \$1.00.

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TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance;

in clubs of five 50 cents; foreign subscription \$1.50.

MAKES ALL MONEY ORDERS, drafts and Express orders payable to the Blade Grass Blade, Lexington, Ky.

DO NOT order your paper discontinued without paying all arrears.

THAT DATA on printed address tab is the time of expiration of your subscription.

When you change your address advise this office giving old as well as new address.

Do not send you subscription any whether you are a new or old subscriber.

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The Blade will be sent for 50 cents a year for any order for \$1.00 or more. Sample copies will be sent free.

AGENTS FOR THE BLADE.

Anybody can be an Agent for the Blade by sending two cents each for ten papers or more.

ADVERTISING IN THE BLADE.

Rowell's Newspaper Directory says:

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5,368.

Average Weekly Circulation for 1900

BLUE GRASS BLADE,

Lexington, Ky.

The leading weekly in the State. Published in the heart of the Blue Grass State. Circulates in every State in the Union and in some foreign countries.

Reaches a liberal class of buyers. Advertising rates and sample copies on application.

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My terms are \$1.00 an inch a year, paid in advance, regardless of the number of inches and for nothing less than a year.

CHARLES C. MOORE.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous womb of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid of crime.

All you have to do is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—the suicides, of insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread, of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the falls, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scoundrels upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ASBURY & INGERSOLL.

# PROF. PEARSON AND HIS CRITICS.

BY JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love."  
"Owe no man anything but to love  
one another."—Romans, 13, 8.  
"This is my commandment, that ye  
love one another."—John 15, 12.  
"Behold how good and how pleasant  
it is for brethren to dwell together in  
unity."—Psalms 133, 1.  
"By this shall all men know that ye  
are my disciples, if ye have love one  
to another."—John 13, 35.

Since Prof. Charles W. Pearson's recent utterances against the infallibility of the Bible, he has been most savagely attacked by his clerical brethren. Indeed, this event seems to have created a riot in orthodox blood. Irrespective of any share in Prof. Pearson's views he is entitled to gratitude, because his utterances have disclosed the quality of Christianity with which some of the Methodist clergy are imbued. We have emphatic assertions of what these men would do with those who do not accept their peculiar brand of Christianity, if they had the power.

Prof. Pearson's clerical brethren who would wreak such savage vengeance on him are in such a rage that they have clearly overlooked the Bible command "Remove the beam from thine own eye, then thou canst see clearly to remove the mote from thy brother's eye."

Dr. Little (whose name fits the man) says that because Prof. Pearson considers the miracles of the Bible as mere allegories, "he is a Benedict Arnold, whose deliberate intent is to betray the Methodist Church." This is virtually saying that all who do not accept Methodist doctrine are "traitors and infidels."

We cannot see why the Dr. Little and men of his calibre should be filled with alarm for the very life of Methodism, for does not their Bible say, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" "Sure enough!" What could that Prof. Pearson and a host of infidels and traitors do against such odds? They could not phase the old miracles or Methodism. Infidels and traitors could be forever silenced if a new miracle should be performed before the world that of truth and power. Mr. Pearson's filled with religious fury into a fanatic follower of him who "when he was reviled, reviled not again, and who blessed those who cursed and persecuted him." This one miracle would be of more value to the world than all the old ones in the Bible.

The Methodists are great for "brothering and sistering," and this is how "brother Hardin" would show his "Christian love for brother Pearson." "If I had the power and ability, I would skin that man, salt his hide and tack it on the barn door, and the ordinary preacher could sharpen his jack-knife on his boot-heel. I would hang him on his head and let him sag into both ears, and let him remain that way until he got some sense."

If Brother Hardin had the "power and ability," think of what a fix Brother Pearson would be in. What a price Brother Pearson would have to pay for "some sense."

Any preacher who would skin a man, salt his hide, wear boots and carry a jack-knife, should resign as a doctor of divinity and become a butcher on Calvary when (they say) Christ was crucified, he would have played the spear thrusting and vinegar act to perfection.

Yet it was for such sinners as these it is said Christ died. It really seems to me they were not worth dying for. Remember, all this would be done by an "extraordinary" preacher, because, as he says, he would manifest all this Christian love to Brother Pearson before the "ordinary" preacher would get started.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church should make a bishop out of Brother Hardin for the receipt he has discovered for teaching sense. If the men, women and children of the Methodist Church will get Brother Hardin to stand them on their heads and pour vinegar in their ears, the Methodists will get a trust on sense, as well as salvation.

Now, when Dr. Cadman told 400 Methodist preachers that "the Bible was full of errors and contradictions, and Bible miracles about myths," they applauded him. When, of course, Brother Hardin's sense remedy had not been discovered at that time.

Whatever the charge against Prof. Pearson, he is in belief a Siamese twin to Dr. Cadman, and "there are others," When moral courage comes to their assistance, and all that verifies the statements of Prof. Pearson, if theologians wish to regain their lost intellectual leadership, or even to possess

an influence upon the thoughtful, cordial, with that of poets, philosophers and men of science, they must throw aside the doctrine of the infallible Bible. Inconsistency on its liberal truth explains the present deplorable condition of the churches."

Prof. Pearson has spoken the truth in clearest language. Of all things Christians claim sincerity, which is a virtue. Sincerity is safe on both sides of a question, and is not sincerity also a virtue in an unbeliever? Lincoln said "The trouble with the American people is that they know so many things that are not so." This can be applied with emphasis to preachers who preach so many things that are not true. The fact is, it is going out of fashion for people to accept ready-made, hand-down religions.

Prof. Pearson's honesty has forced some damaging admissions from church dignitaries. Methodist Bishop Cranston says: "Our higher institutions are broadly tolerant. The origin of some of the books of the Bible is debatable." Why allow tolerance to set aside truth which Methodism professes to have preached since the days of Wesley?

If the origin of any book, verse or sentence in the Bible "is debatable," then this destroys the claim that the Bible is Inerrant, and the "Word of God" and a Methodist bishop is the destroyer, and he should be cast out with heretic Pearson. The fact is, orthodoxy retreats before every heretic.

John Wesley said, "giving up witchcraft is giving up the Bible." Instead of burning women as they did in Wesley's day, they have admitted them to the General Conference, and women are the prop of the "Methodist meeting-house." Now the cry is "giving up miracles is giving up the Bible." Miracles are fast following the witches into oblivion.

Will the case of Prof. Pearson be dropped, or will the handwriting on the wall appear at the next General Conference and a thorough work of exorcism ordered to cleanse the Sunday school, the pulpit and the pew from this so-called "virus of reason" that threatens to become epidemic?

If the Methodist Church believes in the miracles of the Bible performed hundreds of years ago, why should it reject those that are being performed today by Schlatter, Dowie, Mrs. Eddy, Helen Wilman, and the miracles wrought by the foreman bone of St. Anne, and the esopausal ring of the Virgin Mary?

It is impossible, yet orthodox makes it a crime not to believe Bible miracles, and a crime to believe the new ones. Surely great is the mystery of miracles.

The case of Prof. Pearson brings the Methodist Church face to face with the real question at issue, "The authenticity of the Scriptures." To condemn or expel a heretic from the fold for having the mental and moral integrity to express honest conviction does not touch the question at issue. Is the Bible the Word of God?

Either it is, or it is not. Are the miracles recorded in the Bible absolutely true? They are either true or false.

The orthodox claim that the day of miracles is passed, and they are no longer needed.

There never was a day in the history of the church when a good healthy miracle would assist it as much as today.

Just one simple pure miracle would put all the doctors, scoffers and iconoclasts to flight, and bring an answer to the prayer "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief." The inconsistency of this prayer always seemed to me to be mixed up with chicanery and attempt at deception. If a person confesses in prayer to being a true believer, why should the Lord be implored to help unbelief?

Belief in anything that cannot be demonstrated is the most illusive, delusive, hazy, may state of the human mind.

Prof. Pearson has been condemned not only for refusing to believe what cannot be proved, but what is contrary to nature.

I greatly doubt if the greatest theologians of our day could stand a real test of their professed belief. Suppose in a court of justice such an oath as this should be required to this Bible miracle.

"I solemnly swear, here in the presence of God and my fellowmen, take a solemn oath that I believe that Balaam's ass talked Hebrew." Would such men as Bishop Potter, Lyman Abbott, Cardinal Gibbons and Bishop Doane accept that oath? As to the latter, nine-tenths of them have not the slightest use of the tenets of their own religion, or what the Bible teaches. People inherit their religion, or ally themselves with a neighboring church for its social advantages. As to absolute belief in the miracles of the Bible, few Christians know what they are, and those who do, they float through their minds like the fairy tales of childhood, the Arabian Nights, or the mental images of Jules Verne. Bible reading is almost obsolete. Even the clergy use but a small part of it in sermonizing, while largely the greater portion of the Bible, with its cruelties, atrocities, immorality and obscenity, is left overboard. The most devout (?) Bible student will lay it aside with alacrity, for his newspaper or magazine. The ignorance of what the Bible teaches among the most devout Christians is deplorable. I asked such a Christian recently if he believed the Bible miracles, and he said, "Yes, indeed, every one of them." Then I asked him what were the Bible miracles, and he said, "The whale swallowing Jonah, Moses killing a giant with a stone, the witch of Endor, and a whole lot of others." Yet this Biblical scholar could get a position to teach. In the Sunday school for the asking. I also recently asked one of the most prominent Methodists in Kentucky, a Sunday school superintendent "What was the reason there were so many more women Christians than men?"

He said: "That was very easy to explain; that as Christ was a man, women would naturally worship Him. If the Savior of the world had been a woman, more men than women would have followed Him." Now you have it. This Bible scholar could get a position to teach. In the Sunday school for the asking. I also recently asked one of the most prominent Methodists in Kentucky, a Sunday school superintendent "What was the reason there were so many more women Christians than men?"

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## WHAT IS DAT

DeY Want Dat DeY Don't Know What DeY Want.

My wife tells a story of a bad little girl who came to crying and said, "Mama, what is dat I want dat I don't know what I want?" I reckon that child wanted a spanking. Reminds me of the Anarchists. Just as Kate Austin had got me all worked up to such a bloody state of mind that I was ready to go out and gunning and kill a long string of kings and queens and emperors and presidents, just like boys kill woodpeckers, here comes the news that anarchy is the peaceable thing on earth, don't want to hurt anybody, just as gentle as Mary's lamb, and wants a government just as I had always done until I began to be a bloody anarchist.

Now old Bro. Harman, the "Locifer" man, has slipped his tether and got loose and gone and done it, and we see that anarchists are nothing but a new brand of Quakers who ought to wear broad-brim hats and say "thee" and "yea" and "nay," and sit in meekness while their tethers are put on.

I am awfully disappointed about it. It takes me a long time to make up my mind to do anything bloody—during the whole four years of our civil war I didn't make up my mind which side to go on—but if ever I do make up my mind to do something desperate there will be hell to pay and no water hot.

The way old Bro. Harman puts this is thus:

First, it is honest, it is just, to say that the people called Anarchists are opposed to all forms of government? "While I belong to no Anarchist society or club, and while I do not call myself an Anarchist, I own something of the principles taught by those called by that name, and I know that while they oppose despotisms of all sorts—including the despotisms that lurk under the forms of Democracy and Republicanism—these people believe in and practice self-government; co-operative defense against invasion, in other words they advocate that form of government sometimes called the "Co-operative Commonwealth," in which no individual monopolists or no ruled, no millionaire monopolists or no proletarians or paupers, no tyrants and no slaves.

Second, it is honest, it is just to call Anarchists "Malcontents" who would endeavor to destroy the existing social and political order?"

Third, it is honest, it is just to call Anarchists "malcontent" is thus defined by Webster: "One who is discontented; especially, a discontented subject of government; one who expresses his discontent by seditious or seditious acts."

I take the ground boldly and freely that whoever is not a malcontent under "existing social and civil order" is not human; at least he is not humane or sympathetic with those who suffer from the working of the miscalled "social and civil order." All progress comes from discontent.

What is it probably true that some who call themselves Anarchists believe in opposing force by force, violence by violence, murder by murder, that is, the law of retaliation, which is the law of the Jews. He and Zachary were chums. Baker, on several occasions, lectured me on my indolence. I started an investment company in Lexington and became president of it. The people invested their money in it. I believe the Blade will sell 100,000 of the "Virgin Mary."

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TIME TABLE.		LEXINGTON & EASTERN RAILWAY.	
(St. Louis-Louisville Line.)		Eastbound.	
Corrected February 1, 1902.		No. 2. Daily Ex. Sunday.	
SOUTHERN RAILWAY.		No. 3. Daily Ex. Sunday.	
No. 4.	No. 10.	No. 4.	No. 10.
Lv. Lex. .... 5:15 am	7:35 am	Lv. Lexington ..... 2:10	7:40
Lv. Lexington ..... 5:25 am	7:45 am	Lv. Winchester ..... 2:55	8:25
Lv. Law. .... 5:02 am	8:25 am	Lv. L. & E. Junction ..... 3:07	8:37
Lv. Shel. .... 5:40 am	9:15 am	Lv. Clay City ..... 3:40	9:12
Ar. Tenn. .... 8:05 am	10:45 am	Lv. Stanton ..... 3:51	9:23
Ar. USL ..... 7:20 pm	7:35 am	Lv. Natural Bridge ..... 4:20	9:54
Ar. Evans. .... 1:30 pm	1:30 pm	Lv. Turrent ..... 4:34	10:08
No. 4 handles from Lawrenceburg to Louisville sleeper from Birmingham and Chattanooga via Burgin.		Lv. Jacksonville ..... 4:56	10:29
No. 2 handles from Lawrenceburg to St. Louis sleeper from Charleston via Burgin.		Lv. Jacksonville ..... 5:00	11:30
No. 6 handles parlor cars from Lexington to Louisville.		Westbound.	
Three train daily between Louisville and Lexington.		No. 1. Daily Ex. Sunday.	
Special inducements made to home-seekers looking for homes in the South and Southwest.		No. 2. Daily Ex. Sunday.	
S. T. SWIFT, C. T. A., Lexington, Ky.		No. 3. Daily Ex. Sunday.	
C. C. STEWART, T. P. A., Lexington, Ky.		No. 4. Daily Ex. Sunday.	
C. H. HUNTERFORD, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.		No. 5. Daily Ex. Sunday.	
G. E. ALLEN, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.		No. 6. Daily Ex. Sunday.	
H. B. SPENCER, Gen. Mgr., St. Louis, Missouri.		No. 7. Daily Ex. Sunday.	

## FIFTH EDITION

OF KIDDER'S "VIRGIN MARY."

The Blade has now printed the 5th edition of Kidder's "Virgin Mary," the most famous infidel article of its length ever written. It is a book that made the story of the birth of Jesus Christ so ridiculous that I believe one great reason that I was not sent to the penitentiary a second time for printing it, is that the presiding judge in the United States Court was afraid to have it read to the jury because it would have made the whole court room uncontrollable with laughter.

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